To lifte ſhrewd ſteele againſt our golden crowne,
God for his Ric: hath in heauenly pay,
A glorious Angell; then if Angels fight,
Weake men muſt fall, for heauen ſtill gardes the right.

Enter Salisb.

King Welcome my Lo: how far off lies your power?
Saliſ. Nor neare nor farther off my gratious Lo:
Than this weake arme; diſcomfort guides my tongue,
And bids me ſpeake of nothing but Deſpaire,
One day too late I feare me noble Lo:
Hath clouded all thy happy daies on earth:
O call backe yeſterday, bid Time returne,
And thou ſhalt haue twelue thouſand fighting men,
To day to day vnhappie daie too late,
Ouerthrowes thy ioies friends, fortune and thy ſtate,
For all the Welſhmen hearing thou wert dead,
Are gone to Bullingbrooke diſperſt and fled.
Aum. Comfort my liege, why lookes your grace ſo pale.
King But now the bloud of 20000. men,
Did triumph in my face, and they are fled:
And till ſo much bloud thither come againe,
Haue I not reaſon to looke pale and dead?
All ſoules that wilbe ſafe, flie from my ſide,
For time hath ſet a blot vpon my pride.
Aum. Comfort my liege remember who you are.
King I had forgot my ſelfe, am I not King?
Awake thou coward Maieſty thou ſleepeſt,
Is not the Kings name twenty thouſand names?
Arme arme, my name a puny ſubiect ſtrikes,
At thy great glorie, looke not to the ground,
Ye fauourites of a King, are we not high?
High be our thoughts, I know my Vncle Yorke,
Hath power enough to ſerue our turne: but who comes here?

Enter Scroope.

Scro. More health and happines betide my liege,
Then can my care tunde tongue deliuer him.
King Mine eare is open, and my hart prepard,

The worſt is worldly loſſe thou canſt vnfold,
Say, is my kingdome loſt? why twas my care,
And what loſſe is it to be rid of care?
Striues Bullingbrooke to be as great as we,
Greater he ſhall not be, if he ſerue God,
Weele ſerue him to, and be his fellow ſo:
Reuolt our ſubiects, that we cannot mende,
They breake their faith to God as well as vs:
Crie woe, deſtruction, ruine, and decay,
The worſt is death, and death will haue his day.
Scro. Glad am I, that your highnes is ſo armde,
To beare the tidings of calamity,
Like an vnſeaſonable ſtormie day,
Which makes the ſiluer riuers drowne their ſhores,
As if the world were all diſſolude to teares:
So high aboue his limits ſwels the rage
Of Bullingbrooke couering your fearefull land,
With hard bright ſteele, and harts harder then ſteele,
White beards haue armd their thin and haireles ſcalpes
Againſt thy maieſty: boies with womens voices,
Striue to ſpeake big and clap their femal ioints,
In ſtiffe vnweildy armes againſt thy crowne,
Thy very beadſmen learne to bend their bowes,
Of double fatall ewe againſt thy ſtate,
Yea diſtaffe women mannage ruſtie bils
Againſt thy ſeate, both young and old rebell,
And all goes worſe then I haue power to tell.
King Too well too well thou telſt a tale ſo ill,
Where is the Earle of Wiltſhire? where is Bagot?
What is become of Buſhie? where is Greene?
That they haue let the dangerous enemy,
Meaſure our confines with ſuch peacefull ſteps,
If we preuaile, their heads ſhall pay for it:
I warrant they haue made peace with Bulling.
Scro. Peace haue they made with him indeed my Lo
King Oh villaines, vipers, damnd without redemptio
Dogs eaſily woon to fawne on any man,